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Or, Miscellany of

RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

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ISABELLA;

OR,

THE HEROINE OF ALGIERS.

by H. W.

CHAPTER I.

DEVOTED ATTACHMENT.

"Here is a letter, dear Papa," said the young Isabella, as she gave her father a letter which had just arrived. "I hope the news it contains will calm our fears;" and she ran back to join her mother who was walking in the garden in the greatest anxiety.

Isabella's father was one of the leading merchants of Barcelona, and transacted a great deal of business at Genoa, Leghorn, and several other cities of Italy. Honesty and fidelity in fulfilling engagements were hereditary in his family, and had gained it the general confidence. At this time, he possessed a handsome fortune—the fruit of his industry and wise economy; but for the last few months his life had been embittered by anxiety. His father—a man far advanced in years, had embarked for Genoa, whither business of importance had called him, and no news of his arrival had as yet been received. Had some calamity befallen the vessel? the thought made the merchant tremble. He had been very much opposed to the departure of his father; but the old man pleaded, in addition to weightier motives, his ardent wish to see his Italian friends once more, bid them farewell, and return to die in his native land. The silence of his father filled the merchant with anxious fears. He caused inquiries to be made in every quarter—but without success. At last he received a letter, which but too well accounted for the old man's silence, and realized the worst apprehensions of his son.

He supported his father's captivity with resignation to the holy will of God; but a wound was inflicted on his heart, which, with all his fortitude, he was little able to disguise. The news, though communicated with the utmost delicacy, suddenly plunged his wife and daughter into the excess of sorrow. It was not, however, the sorrow of despair; and they resolved to sacrifice their wealth, and their lives, if necessary, to free the old man from captivity.

The letter was dated Genoa, March 3rd, 1758. It related that the old man had been taken in the very roads of Genoa, while returning from a short voyage that he had made to a few places in the neighbourhood, and that, as the vessels which had given chase to the Christians were Algerian cruisers, the captives had, in all probability, been carried to the public market in that city and sold for slaves.

The merchant immediately formed his plans—set about to arrange his domestic concerns—raised a large sum of money, and determined to embark on the first vessel bound for the African coast—pay the ransom of his father, and bring him back to Spain.

He wished to go alone, but Teresa and Isabella would not hear of it; and after much discussion, it was agreed that they should accompany him.

Isabella had just attained her fifteenth year, and had ever been her parents' pride and joy. She had been brought up in her father's house, and her grandfather had taken charge of her education. He it was who guided her steps in the way of life; who developed the germs of those happy qualities, with which nature had endowed her; who formed her growing reason; who taught her to know and love God, and instructed her in the maxims of religion. She had every motive of attachment to the old man, and begged to accompany her parents in the intended voyage, because she desired to contribute to the happiness of delivering her grandfather.

But, in despite of all the diligence the merchant employed in the regulation of his affairs, two months elapsed before he could carry his plans into execution. He had hoped to receive, in the meanwhile, some farther intelligence, which might give him a clue to discover his father; and in this hope, had written to his acquaintances—but all was useless—no one knew what had become of the old man.

At length, the wished-for moment came; the merchant embarked, with his wife and daughter, on a merchant vessel, which was followed by two others, and a Spanish cruiser escorted the convoy. During his absence, the merchant entrusted the management of his affairs to a clerk of tried fidelity, who, for twenty years, had been attached to his house. He had moreover prepared himself for this dangerous undertaking by receiving the Sacraments; seeking to interest Heaven in an enterprise so worthy of its protection. He took with him the sum

of £.2000 sterling, to pay the ransom of his father, and defray the expenses of the expedition. Every thing seemed to promise them a happy voyage; the winds filled the sails, and the little squadron left port, followed by the blessings of the parents and friends of those on board. The voyage was prosperous; the pirates, who cruised in the Mediterranean, dared not attack the flotilla, which, seven days after its departure, moored in the roads of Algiers.

Happy at having made the passage with such speed and security, the merchant thanked God, and, with knees bent on the African shore, raised his eyes beaming with gratitude to Heaven in fervent prayer for a continuation of the Divine Goodness. This first favour seemed but the presage of others, still greater, which he hoped to receive. Already he fancied himself at the end of his travels; already had he found his father, and pressed him to his bosom, and was taking him back to Spain—nothing appeared wanting to complete his happiness.

Let us not anticipate the course of events; let us not tear aside the veil which covers the future; let us allow this son—so tender and so devoted—to give himself up to the illusions of hope. Man is so happy when he hopes; the illusion which then fascinates his eyes, inundates his soul with such sweet emotions, that he seems to taste, by anticipation, the object which he desires with all the ardour of his soul. Adversity will come, alas! too soon, and reduce to nought his fond bright dreams of happiness.

(To be continued.)

SCIENTIFIC PROPHECY.

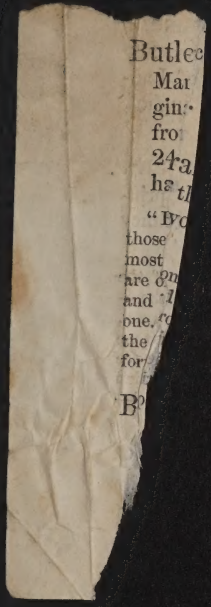
Newton expresses his deliberate opinion, that cohesion, light, heat, electricity, and the communication of the brain with the muscles, are all to be referred to one and the same cause, an ether or spiritus, which prevades all bodies. We might smile at such an opinion from many quarters, and had Newton been only the author of the "Principia," we might, perhaps, think his head was a little exalted by the excitement attending the close of an arduous labour (though in truth, the scholium, from which the above is extracted, does not appear in the first edition); but when we remember his prediction, that the diamond would be found to be combustible, that the earth was between five and six times its weight of water, and others which have turned out correct, we feel something like a presentiment that the opinions just cited may in some degree share the same destiny.—*Dublin Review.*

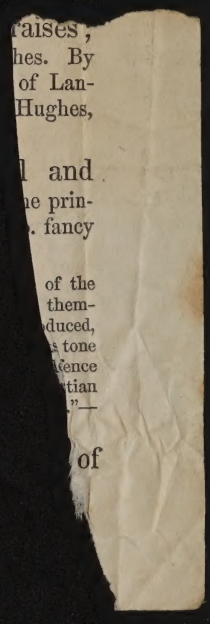
St. Francis of Sales was often reproved by his friends, because they did not approve of his manner of going on; they used to tell him that he ought to defend himself with more ardour from the calumnies of evil-minded people, and to maintain his dignity: on which occasions he used to answer, that mildness ought to be the peculiar characteristic of bishops; and that, therefore, though the world and self-love might establish maxims of another kind, he at least would not adopt them, because they were contrary to those of Jesus Christ, to which he had always deemed it a glory to conform himself.

THE OREGON

Under this name is comprehended the whole region westward of the Chippewayan range of mountains. The waters that rise on the western declivities of these mountains flow into the Columbia, the Multnomah, and the lake Buenaventura. Most of the elevated summits of the mountains are above the limits of perpetual snow. Beyond the mountains the country descends by regular belts in the form of immense terraces or descending plains, disposed regularly, the one below the other. Beyond the first plain, and between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific, is another extensive and high chain of Mountains, in which are the great falls of the Columbia. Still west of these, and running parallel with the coast, and at the distance of 150 miles, is the third and last chain. The peaks of all these chains are covered with perpetual snow. The highest peaks have been named Mount Baker, Mount Regnier, Mount St. Helens, Mount Hood, and Mount Jefferson. The only rivers explored in this region are the Columbia and its branches. Being sheltered on the north by protecting ridges of mountains, and the breezes from the west being softened by coming over an immense extent of sea, the climate is as mild as it is in the country east of these mountains, four or five degrees to the southward. Langsdorf describes the country on the southern limit as the country of oranges and figs, of verdure, health, and fertility. We scarcely remember to have seen more sober pictures of a desirable country than those drawn by him of that region; they correspond with the accounts of Lewis and Clark, as well as those of other travellers who have explored it. When the intelligent and intrepid adventurers just named left the country in March, and in the latitude of Montreal, the prairies were in blossom, and the forwardness of the season seems to have corresponded with that of North Carolina at the same time. The winters are rainy, and some parts of them severe. In 1805 Lewis and Clark descended the Columbia river from the mountains of the Pacific, and spent the winter on its shore. They returned by the same river to the mountains, and most of the exact information that we have respecting the country is derived from them. A settlement of fur-traders, called Astoria, was established here, together with a military post called Fort Glassop, or Fort George. As may be supposed, the scattered inhabitants of the waste are comparatively few, and of a daring and lawless character. Some are allured by the profits to be derived from the pursuit of the chase; and others by the congeniality of such a life with a reckless and adventurous spirit. The number of Indians of the different tribes is estimated at 140,000.

Who wishes to abolish the festivals of the Catholic Church? Not the poor man, whom they console; not the holy man, whom they nourish; not the meekly learned man, whose labour they assist; not the artist or poet, to whom they supply such sweet and glorious visions. But the christian pastors are called upon to suppress the festivals, to gratify a few insolent and gloomy pedants, who, in the pride of their political or literary fame, mistake genius for superstition, and faith for insanity. Remorseless task-masters, who impose worse than Herculian labours upon the sons and daughters of the poor!—*Mores Catholici.*





LAMENT TO THE WESTERN WAVES.

"Here my lot ordains
Under this weight to groan."—*Dante.*

As in the placid moonlit hour
We stood by Lochlin's fall'n tow'r,
On many a withering weed and flow'r
Unbidden tears began to pour.
Och Hone! Och Hone! a rie!

Our eyes were dimm'd, our hearts were lone,
The blue lake wash'd the cold grey stone,
Whispering our melancholy moan
For Erin's glories, lost and gone.
Och Hone! Och Hone! a rie!

The island, a once happier doom
Had sanctified—to bear the bloom
Of Love and Virtue—like a tomb
Receiv'd her sons:—a place of gloom!
Och Hone! Och Hone! a rie!

Chieftains who ruled with parent sway
The verdant land in joyful day,
Around their bones destruction lay.—
(Ah! kingly hearts were gone for aye!)
Och Hone! Och Hone! a rie!

They battl'd with the Saxon slave,
And shed their generous blood to save
Our country from Oppression's wave:
They died, to cheer the Good and Brave.
Och Hone! Och Hone! a rie!

Mourn! for the harp, whose potent will
Could gather spears on every hill,
And lead the warlike anthem shrill,
Or breathe the song of Peace, is still.
Och Hone! Och Hone! a rie!

Spell-bound it lies upon the floor
Of monarchs who have marched before
Myriads, in wild Contention's roar,
To dash the tyrant from the shore.
Och Hone! Och Hone! a rie!

Behold the ireful Sister band
Trail our bright fetters in the sand;
They scatter ruin in the land,
And wave the steel and flash the brand.
Och Hone! Och Hone! a rie!

They taunt us with unnumbered stains:
They blight our offspring and our plains:
"*Revenge*," we cry! then Murder reigns:
Doth Frenzy reason in its chains?
Och Hone! Och Hone! a rie!

Our lov'd ones groan; for *their* dear sake
E'en with the sword their links we break:
Ah, then, must parent feet forsake
The native mountain, vale, and lake!
Och Hone! Och Hone! a rie!

Lamentingly an exil'd host
Land, home, and hope and freedom lost,
By tyrant will in danger tost,
Find refuge on a foreign coast.
Och Hone! Och Hone! a rie!

Before the tempest as they fly,
Homeward they turn the tearful eye,
Blessing its mountains and its sky,
Oh, sweeter far than *this*, to *die!*)
Och Hone! Och Hone! a rie!

Lord, when shall Mercy intervene,
And Justice guard the Emerald Queen?
When shall a star of Peace be seen
Reposing on her waves of green?
Och Hone! Och Hone! a rie!

F. PALMER.

"What is this, O my God, that we think to derive from appearing something before creatures, and from pleasing them? What matters it to us, that we be blamed or despised by them, if only we are great and without fault in thy sight? Ah, how is it that we never come to learn this truth, and thus never reach the height of perfection! The saints had no greater subject of joy, than in being unknown to all, and looked down upon by all!—*S. Bernard.*

A holy bishop, in order to live unknown to all but God, left his bisbopric, and secretly went to Jerusalem, dressing himself in the garb of a poor man, and working as a common labourer. But a certain nobleman having found him more than once stretched at night upon the cold ground, fast asleep, and a celestial pillar of fire hovering over him, darting up even into the heavens, took him aside one day, and asked him who he was. He answered, that he was a poor man, who lived by his labour, because he had no other means of support. The nobleman was not satisfied with this answer, and besought him so earnestly to tell him the whole truth, that at last the good bishop, having made him promise to keep it a secret as long as he lived, discovered to him who he was, and how he had left his bishopric, in order to avoid the esteem and honour of the world, holding it unworthy of a Christian, who ought always to bear in mind the injuries and sufferings of our blessed Lord, to take pleasure in being honoured or esteemed by men.

S. Philip Neri was never moved by slights or insults to show any grief or dislike. And so clear and evident was this to his friends, that they used to say of him, "As for father Philip, say what you will to him, he is never put out by it." And when one day he was told by a friend, that some people had called him a hyprocrite, he smiled at it, and made a joke of it.

I am despised and laughed at, and I am offended at it; exactly so are proud people and fools. I am despised and laughed at, and I rejoice at it; so did the apostles. For this is the most profound degree of humility, to take the same delight in humiliations and abjections, that vain and worldly people feel at receiving honours; and to feel pain at being honoured and esteemed, just as much as they would do at contempts and affronts.—*S. Francis of Sales.*

St. Anthony once hearing great praises bestowed on one of his monks, turned round and spoke in a cutting way to him, in order to try him; and seeing that he took it bitterly to heart, exclaimed, "This good man is like a palace rich and beautiful in appearance, but despoiled within by robbers."

JESUS CHRIST OUR TRUE MODEL.

Our Divine Redeemer is the most excellent model which a Christian can propose to himself for his imitation. Jesus Christ has been pleased to make himself like to us in all things, excepting sin, ignorance, and concupiscence, that we might become like to Him. His life is our life; and no one can pretend to the kingdom of heaven, unless he has first learned to put on Jesus Christ in this life. On Him, as on the most perfect mirror, we should incessantly fix the eyes of faith; and upon that infallible and invariable rule of conduct, all our thoughts, desires, and actions, should be regulated. Thus only can we correspond with the name of Christians, followers and imitators of Christ. It was by taking Jesus Christ for her model in all her actions and troubles, that a young woman of low condition in France, arrived at a very high degree of perfection. Let her speak for herself. "When I awake in the morning, I represent to myself the infant Jesus, who, as he awoke, offered himself in sacrifice to His Father. To imitate my model, I every morning offer in sacrifice to God my heart and soul, and every thought, word, and work of the day. When I pray, I represent to myself Jesus Christ praying and adoring his Father; and in my heart I endeavour to unite myself to these divine dispositions. When I commence my work, I think how Jesus Christ toiled and laboured for my salvation; and so far from murmuring, I unite with love and resignation my labours with his. When I receive my commands, I figure to myself the obedience of Jesus Christ to his Blessed Mother and St. Joseph, and unite mine with his. If I am commanded to do any thing difficult and painful, I think how Jesus subjected himself to the death of the cross, for the love of me; and I feel encouraged to undertake the task, however painful it may appear. If any harsh words or unjust reflections are thrown out against me, I make no reply; I suffer with patience, remembering that Jesus Christ suffered in silence the most cruel torments, disgraces, and calumnies, without complaining; I moreover reflect that Jesus, who was innocence itself, suffered torments he had not deserved; whilst I, who am a sinner, deserve infinitely more than I can endure. At my meals, I represent to myself the modesty and frugality which my Divine Saviour observed at table; and, if I meet with any thing unpalatable, I think of the gall that Jesus tasted on the cross, and immediately make a sacrifice of my sensuality. If I have not wherewith to appease my hunger, I am still content, since my dear Saviour fasted forty days and forty nights, and underwent the pain of hunger for me, and to atone for the excesses of mankind. In my recreations and conversations, I reflect how meek, affable, and holy, was Jesus Christ when he conversed with his apostles. If I hear any improper discourse, or see any sin committed, I crave pardon of God, representing to myself how much the heart of my Saviour was pierced with grief when he beheld his heavenly Father offended! When I reflect on the innumerable sins that have been committed in the world, and the outrages shown to my good God, my heart is ready to burst with grief; and with Jesus I exclaim: Just Father, the world hath not known thee, John xvii. 25. When I confess my sins, I figure to myself the anguish of Jesus bewailing my sins in the garden of Olives and on the cross. When I attend at mass, I unite my mind and heart with the holy dispositions of Jesus, who offers himself in sacrifice on the altar for the glory of his Father, for the expiation of sin, and for the salvation of all. Before I fall asleep, I bring to my mind Jesus, who took no more rest than was necessary to gain fresh strength for the glory of his Father; or I compare my bed with the cross, on which Jesus is laid like a lamb, offering himself without reserve to his Father; and I fall asleep repeating these words of Jesus crucified. Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

The priest, who had forced in a manner this confession from her, could not help exclaiming: "How truly happy must you be! how enviable is your condition!"—"Yes," replied Dorothy, "I find great consolation in the service of God; but I am not without my trials; I have a great deal to suffer from the sarcasms of others, but infinitely more from my own indispositions. If God enriches me with his graces, he also suffers me to be tried by repeated and frightful temptations. If he sometimes permits me to taste of the torrent of his delights, in return, he drenches my soul with the bitters of aridity, lassitude, and discontent with myself."—"And what method do you take to surmount your difficulties?" said the priest. "When I am in this distress," replied Dorothy, "I represent to myself the desolation of my dear Saviour, both on the cross and in the garden; then uniting myself interiorly to him, with him I say: Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me; but with him I instantly subjoin: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt. When I experience any evil suggestions, any allurements to sin, I fancy I hear Jesus speaking to my heart these words: What, my daughter, do you wish to quit me, to go over the world and its pleasures? do you wish to take back your heart and give it to satan? Is not the multitude of sinners, of persons constantly insulting me, sufficient? And instantly, from the bottom of my heart I say. No, my God! never will I abandon thee; I will remain faithful to thee until death." The priest next asked her what was the usual subject of her conversations with her companions? Dorothy replied. "I tell them to propose Jesus Christ for their model in all their actions; to remember at their prayers, meals, work, conversation, and troubles, how Jesus Christ behaved on these occasions, and to unite themselves to his divine intentions. I tell them, that there is nothing more noble than to imitate God; nothing more delightful than to serve so excellent a master." O! truly happy is that soul which can thus copy after Jesus Christ and

learn to be humble and faithful in every duty; all such souls shall have the heart of Jesus, their crucified Master, for their resting-place in this life, and his celestial palace for their eternal habitation in the next.

A SURGICAL PUZZLE.

Between the years 1750-60, the medical rage of the day was for tar-water, just as brandy and salt, hydropathy, and other universal remedies, have been fashionable lately. The newspapers teemed with accounts of wonderful cures which were said to have been almost miraculously brought about by the use of tar in various forms. Pamphlets and scientific essays were published, the most celebrated of which was written by Dr. Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, called "Siris, or a Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries concerning Tar-water." Scarcely a disease existed which the public were led to believe was not to be cured by the invaluable but far from aromatic nostrum. Berkeley found tar-water infallible for nervous cholic; some declared it had cured them of the gout; from others it had driven away ague, toothache, asthmas, and consumption. But the most remarkable cases in which tar is said to have been curative, were those of broken limbs. One of the most singular of such instances is related in one of Sir Horace Walpole's letters to Sir Horace Mann, which has been recently made public:—"A sailor who had broken his leg was advised to communicate his case to the Royal Society. The account he gave was, that, having fallen from the top of the mast, and fractured his leg, he had dressed it with nothing but tar and oakum, and yet in three days was able to walk as well as before the accident. The story at first appeared quite incredible, as no such efficacious qualities were known in tar, and still less in oakum; nor was a poor sailor to be credited on his own bare assertion of so wonderful a cure. The society very reasonably demanded a fuller relation, and, I suppose, the corroboration of evidence. Many doubted whether the leg had been really broken. That part of the story had been amply verified. Still, it was difficult to believe that the man had made use of no other applications than tar and oakum; and how *they* should cure a broken leg in three days, even if they could cure it at all, was a matter of the utmost wonder. Several letters passed between the society and the patient, who persevered, in the most solemn asseverations of having used no other remedies; and it does appear beyond a doubt that the man speaks truth. It is a little uncharitable, but I fear there are surgeons who might not like this abbreviation of attendance and expense; but, on the other hand, you will be charmed with the plain honest simplicity of the sailor. In a postscript to his last letter he added these words:—'I forgot to tell your honours that the leg was a wooden one.'" This story, though true, did not occur exactly as Walpole relates it. The hoax was played off by a very eccentric character of the time—Sir John Hill—who had been refused admission to the Royal Society, and revenged his disappointment by sending a letter, detailing the case of the sailor as if from a country practitioner. The assembled wisdom of the whole body of the fellows of the Royal Society discussed the extraordinary nature of the case with the utmost gravity, bringing all their medical and scientific knowledge to bear upon it. The result of their learned deliberations was given to the world, and then Sir John Hill sent a second letter, informing the society that he had forgotten to state one circumstance in the cure, which was, that the sailor's leg was a wooden one! This pleasantry having got extensive currency, the universal virtues of tar and tar-water were much less believed in, and at last got quite exploded.

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES OF CATHOLIC CITIES.

(Mores Catholici, Vol. 3, p. 43.)

In a modern city men in the evening leave their houses for a banquet; in a Catholic city they go out for the benediction. The offices of the Church, morning and evening, and even the night instructions, were not wanting to those who were still living in the world; and if the intervals were past in study, or other intellectual exercise, it was a life scholastic and almost monastical. The number of churches always open, the frequent processions, and the repeated instructions of the clergy, made the whole city like a holy place, and were, without doubt, the means of making multitudes to choose the strait entrance, and to walk in the narrow way. There are many who have no idea of the perfection in which great numbers, in every rank of society, pass their lives in Catholic cities, not even excepting that capital which has of late been made the nurse of so much ill. But wherever the modern philosophy has created, as it were, an atmosphere, that which is spiritual is so confined, closed, and isolated, that its existence is hardly felt or known. The world appears to reign with undisputed possession, and that too as if it had authority to reign. And yet there are tender and passionate souls who have need of being unceasingly preserved in the path of virtue by the rein of religious exercises, who, when deprived of the power of approaching at the hour their inclinations may suggest to the sources of grace, are exposed to great perils, and who perhaps sometimes do incur in consequence eternal death.

> "Ay me, how many perils do enfold
> The righteous man, to make him daily fall!"

House of Prayer, why close thy gates? Is there an hour in all nature when the heart should be weary of prayer? when man whom God doth deign to hear in thee as his temple, should leave no incense to offer before thy altar, no tear to confide to thee? Mark the manners too of the multitude that loiters in the public ways of every frequented town. See, how it meekly kneels to receive a benediction from the bishop who happens to pass by: and when the dusk comes on, and the lamp of the sanctuary begins to burn brighter, and to arrest the eye of the passenger through the opened doors of churches, hearken to the sweet sound of innumerable bells which rises from all sides, and see what a change of movement takes place among this joyous and innocent people; the old men break off their conversation on the benches at the doors and take out their rosaries, the children snatch up their books and jackets from the green in token that play is over, the women rise from their labour of the distaff, and all together proceed into the church, when the solemn litany soon rises with its abrupt and crashing peal, till the bells all toll out their last and loudest tone, and the adorable Victim is raised over the prostrate people, who then issue forth and retire to their respective homes in sweet peace, and with an expression of the utmost thankfulness and joy. The moderns in vain attempt to account for the difference of manners in these Catholic cities, and in their own, by referring to their present prosperity and accumulation of wealth; these cities in point of magnificence incomparably surpassed theirs, and with respect to riches they were not superior, for peace was in their strength, and abundance in their towers.

PAST AND PRESENT POLICY OF ENGLAND TOWARDS IRELAND.

Moxon, London.

This work, said to have been written by one of the Grevilles, and which has attracted very general notice, affords ample evidence of the change which has taken place in the opinions of statesmen and of reflecting men in general with regard to Ireland. A few years ago, men in high government situations of every party did not hesitate in parliament and public meetings to speak of the Catholic religion in Ireland in most opprobrious terms, and of its ministers as ruffians, and practised in every villany. Now none, hoping to govern the country, in the most inferior office, ventures publicly to use any disrespectful language either of the faith or the priesthood of the sister isle, but confessions of past mismanagements of that country, and of firm purposes to employ conciliatory measures in future, now proceed from the lips of Whig and Tory alike. We do not affirm that bigotry and injustice towards Ireland have been altogether driven out of the British mind; recent efforts to raise the no-popery howl on occasion of the increased grant to Maynooth have been too successful to permit any to entertain such an idea; but, nevertheless, it is strictly true, that over the spirit of all those in any way likely ever to rule the destinies of this empire again, a most important change has come; and we may be sure that the kindly dispositions manifested in regard to Ireland in the speeches of Sir R. Peel, Lords Francis Egerton, Sandon, and John Manners, Captain Bernal Osborne, and Mr. Smythe are not more surely proofs of their own than of their party's plans for the future government of Ireland.

With mere politics, however, we have nothing to do. We refer to this book for the purpose of congratulating our brethren on the other side the channel on the brighter prospects now expanding before them, and to show our readers on this side, that grievances of the most oppressive kind have weighed on Ireland *according to testimony altogether unexceptionable.*

Could we believe that in a part of the British empire, and not two centuries ago, such a measure as is here recorded could have been proposed and actually put into execution!

"This Governor, Henry Cromwell, who obtained a character for justice and equity, was desired by Thurlow to catch up some thousand Irish boys to send to the Colonies. He wrote back that he had done so, and begged to know if his highness chose to have as many girls caught up likewise; and added, 'doubtless, it is a work in which God will appear.'"

The author gives a rapid and faithful view of the laws which at different times have been enacted against rich Catholics.

"The penal laws began in the reign of William. Upon the accession of Anne, the spirit of bigotry (in some degree checked by the influence and well-known feelings of the late king), broke out in all its fierceness; and by the act to prevent the further growth of Popery, the code of persecution was rendered nearly complete. 'This series of laws,' says Mr. Hallam, 'has scarcely a parallel in European history; and to have exterminated the Catholics by the sword, or expelled them like the Moriscoes from Spain, would have been little more repugnant to justice and humanity, but incomparably more politic.'"

"Horses of Papists might be seized for the militia, and Papists were to pay double towards raising the militia.

"Papists were deprived of the elective franchise. All converts were bound to educate their children as Protestants. Barristers and solicitors, marrying Papists, were subjected to the penalties of such. No convert, whose wife or children were Papists, could act as a justice of the peace. Persons robbed by privateers during a war with a Catholic prince, to be reimbursed by levies on the lands and goods of popish inhabitants. All marriages between Protestants and Papists, celebrated by popish priests, were annulled. Any popish priest celebrating such marriage to be hanged.

"Justices and magistrates might either by day or night search for and seize the arms of Papists, when they have any cause to suspect their concealment. Papists refusing to deliver up such arms, or to discover them on oath, or neglecting to appear on summons, might be punished by fine and imprisonment, pillory, or whipping, at the discretion of the magistrates.

"For half a century they were continually treated with every demonstration of hatred and contempt; the government and the parliament constantly reciprocating expressions of their zeal and hostility against "the common enemy," as they termed three-fourths of the people; and encouraging each other to enact fresh laws against them, or more rigorously to put the old ones in force. During the whole of Anne's reign, the penal laws were executed with unabating severity. In 1706, the lord lieutenant (Lord Pembroke) recommended parliament to proceed against their foreign *and domestic* enemies. In 1709, Lord Wharton recommended the union of Protestants against *the common enemy.* In 1715, although the loyalty of the Irish Catholics was beyond suspicion, the excitement produced by the rebellion in Scotland did not fail to inflame the spirit of persecution. Lord Carteret told the Irish parliament that the Protestants had one common interest and *one common enemy.*

The commons soon afterwards addressed the lords justices to secure the persons of Papists, &c., and the lords justices assured the house that they had given orders for the strict execution of the laws against them—and, accordingly, while parliament passed a fresh act (to prevent papists from being constables), every nerve of government was strained to execute the penal laws, and especially those which were directed against the exercise of their religion. The priests were hunted from their places of concealment, taken from the altar while celebrating divine service, first imprisoned, and then banished."

An anecdote.

"In 1758, a young lady of the name of O'Toole, who had been pressed by her friends to conform to the established religion, took refuge against their importunities in the house of a Mr. Saul. Saul was prosecuted, and he was publicly told from the bench, '*that the laws did not presume a Papist to exist in the kingdom, nor could they breathe without the connivance of government.*'"

We have heard a poor-law guardian complain bitterly of a beggar relieved often but still applying for assistance. "We have helped him," said he,

"two or three times, and he promised not to come again; in spite of all his promises he still pesters us; how can we believe a word that he speaks?" This is precisely the line of argument applied to Ireland by those of this country, who having every comfort which favourable legislation can impart, and being very unwilling to be disturbed, complain continually of the ingratitude of the Irish people. The author of the book before us thus speaks on this part of his subject.

"The Catholics were not yet aware of their own strength, and they were disposed to accept emancipation in a thankful and a satisfied spirit. But, unhappily, neither were the Protestants aware of that strength any more than the Catholics themselves; and the consequence was, that this last opportunity of an honourable and beneficial settlement was suffered to pass away. The Catholics have been accused of every sort of inconsistency, of being faithless to their professions, and of pursuing objects at one time all desire for which they solemnly renounced at another. But *d'autres temps—d'autres soins;* England obstinately refused to listen to the repeated appeals that were made to her justice, her humanity, and her prudence; and when the Catholics had acquired the consciousness of their own power, and saw that she would concede under the influence of fear what no other consideration ever could or would wrest from her, it was absurd to expect that their claims would not rise with their means of enforcing them, or that they would feel equal gratitude and satisfaction for concessions thus extorted, as if the same concessions had been granted in an ungrudging and conciliatory spirit. It is, therefore, necessary to bear in mind the different positions in which the Catholics stood at different times, in order to form a fair estimate of the conduct of their leaders. The Parliamentary committees inquired at great length into the condition of the Irish masses, and the various causes and circumstances affecting them. It has been constantly asserted, that Irish destitution and degradation are attributable to the penal laws; but it was demonstrated, that the system of which these laws have been part and parcel, in all its multiplied operations and ramifications, had engendered the proximate causes of disorder, and wretchedness, and crime: and as long as any vestiges of that system are left—as long as the influences, which in every other country are made to work for purposes of good, are suffered in Ireland to be instruments of evil, so long will the moral and physical improvement of the people be slow and uncertain."

The following appeal deserves well the consideration of those to whom it is addressed. There are parishes in Ireland in which ten, or five, or two Protestants are living, and two, or five, or ten thousand Catholics. For the support of the creed of the few, broad and fertile lands are set apart; but most stringent laws have been made to prevent lands from being set apart for the religion of the many. Can this system of legislation be called just, or can it be supposed that content should arise under the influence of such a system?

"Let any Protestant contemplate these facts with a candid and unprejudiced mind, and say what his feelings would be if he were to see his own church in this degraded and beggarly condition. Her ministers steeped in poverty—her places of worship wretched, delapidated, cabins—and himself reduced to the necessity of saying his prayers in the open air, with the wind whistling around him, and the rain pattering on his head; would he not feel humbled, mortified, and indignant? But this is not all—if, while thus kneeling in the miry road, he had full in sight the steeple of the parish church, where he knows that his ancestors once worshipped, but which is now appropriated to the use of a handful of Protestants, insufficient to occupy a tenth part, perhaps, of the edifice: would not the sense of degradation and injury kindle a burning resentment, and a resolution not to rest till he had obtained redress for a wrong so repugnant to justice and common sense. Can there be any doubt that these would be the feelings of every Protestant on either side the Tweed? How, therefore, can we expect to find any other sentiments in the hearts of the Irish Catholics, who are not less attached to their religion than we are to ours? and, if this be so, as most assuredly it is, in what way do we expect to satisfy the Irish people, and reconcile them to the continuance of this state of things? We are doing our best to improve their moral and physical condition, to raise them from their poverty and destitution, and to spread far and wide among them the benefits of education; and yet we seem unconscious that in proportion as these efforts are successful, they will become more sensible of the enormity of the ecclesiastical system we uphold, while their power, as well as their inclination, to overthrow it, will be continually increased."

Paley, it is well known, wished that the Catholic Church should be made the established Church of Ireland. Dr. Arnold has expressed sentiments somewhat similar; we will conclude with an extract which we find in the book from the writings of this celebrated man.

"'I think that a Catholic is a member of Christ's church just as much as I am, and I could well endure one form of that church in Ireland and another in England.'

"'We are suffering here from that accursed division among Christians, of which I think the Arch Fiend must be the author. The good Protestants and bad Christians have talked nonsense and more than nonsense so long about Popery, and the Beast, and Antichrist, that the simple, just, and christian measure of establishing the Roman Catholic church in three-fifths of Ireland, seems removed by common consent. The Protestant clergy ought not to have their present revenues in Ireland; so far I agree with Lord Grey, but not in a narrow, low, economical view of their pay being over proportioned to their work, but because church property is one of the most sacred trusts of which the sovereign power in the church,—*i. e.* the King and Parliament, not the bishops and clergy—is appointed by God, trustee. It is a property set apart for the advancement of direct christian principles; first by furnishing religious comfort and instruction to the grown-up part of the population; next, by furnishing the same to the young in the shape of religious education. Now the christian people of Ireland have a right to have the full benefit of their church property, which now they cannot have, because Protestant clergymen they will not listen to. I think then that it ought to furnish them with Catholic clergymen I have one great principle which I never lose sight of; to insist strongly on the difference between christian and anti-christian, and to sink into nothing the difference between christian and christian.'"

St. Catharine of Genoa used to say, "I belong no more to myself; whether I live, or whether I die, I belong to my adorable Saviour. I have nothing more of my own, or of what belongs to me; my God is my all, and my being is wholly his. O world, thou art always the same, and up to this moment I have always been the same; but henceforth I will no more be so."

THE ROSARY AND OTHER POEMS.

By the Rev. Frederick Faber, Rector of Elton, Huntingdonshire.

This is a very pleasing volume of poetry, and we might recommend it strongly to our readers, if we regarded only the beauty of the thoughts and the general elegance of the versification; but it possesses greater merits, for the direct tendency of it is to inculcate reverence to God and all authority sanctioned by Him, and to expand and strengthen our sympathies with whatever in man and nature is gentle and suggestive of charitable thoughts and deeds. The poetry of Wordsworth has been the frequent theme of ridicule ever since Lord Byron wrote his famous satire, and since Edinburgh reviewers decried it; but nevertheless, that poetry, disfigured as it may be by mannerism and puerile faults, has been drawn from a devout contemplation of nature, and supplies language to the feelings of all who like Wordsworth have wandered much "on the difficult mountain top," and by "sunny brae and burn" alone. As Byron may be considered to have been the father of many poets who learned from him to be eccentric, miserable, self-tormenting, and impassioned, railing in beautiful verse at the established customs and decencies of life, so Wordsworth may be regarded as the parent of many living writers, Milnes, Alford, Tennyson, Faber, &c. &c., who have cast aside, like their sire, the celebration of imaginary miseries, and have strengthened the nerves of their minds by the breezes of an atmosphere untainted by the presence even of sordid man. Byron and his great counterpart in prose, Rousseau, were ever looking into *themselves*, and they became eloquent, but at the same time selfish and voluptuous; Wordsworth and his followers, on the other hand, are ever dwelling on external nature in all her glorious variety of character, and if not quite so eloquent as the worshippers of self, if some of them are sometimes somewhat mawkish, as people phrase it, they are always possessed by a noble affection for what is pure and generous; they are lowly of mind when regarding themselves, yet full of lofty aspirations whenever religion opens her visions to them, and they manifest as strong, as warm, and as delightful interest in the poorest and most despised fellow-creature as if political economist had never written, and Poor Law Unions had never been formed. Not by any scheme have these writers been generally admirers of the Catholic Church and its institutions; Christians who study earnestly and devoutly Creation and all its admirable arrangements must ever see much to love in a Church equally comprehensive as the external world, according to its design, and equally adapted to supply the moral, as nature the physical wants and desires of man. It was the praise of some poets formerly, that they carried us from "Nature up to Nature's God." The class of poets now under our notice deserve not only this encomium, but that also of making us admire whatever institutions the providence of God has specially established for men by virtue of their characters as christians. May such minds long rule the imaginations and hearts of us all.

Mr. Faber's volume is by no means large, and from the longest poem, the Rosary, we fear we can make no extracts, the verses being woven together and giving a sort of continuous history of the life of our blessed Lord in that sort of measure made familiar to British Catholics by translations of the *Dies Iræ* and the *Stabat Mater*. We must resort, therefore, to the minor poems, and the two following sonnets are a fair sample of the spirit and style of the author.

ON THE RAMPARTS AT ANGOULEME.

"Why art thou speechless, O thou setting Sun?
Speak to this earth—speak to this listening scene
Where Charente flows among the meadows green,
And in his gilded waters, one by one,
The inverted minarets of poplar quake
With expectation until thou shalt break
The intolerable silence. See. he sinks
Without a word; and his ensanguined bier
Is vacant in the west, while far and near
Behold! each coward shadow eastward shrinks.
Thou dost not strive, O Sun, nor dost thou cry
Amid thy cloud-built streets; but meek and still
Thou dost the type of JESUS best fulfil,
A noiseless revelation in the sky."

FRENCH TELEGRAPHS.

"God speed the blissful work, thou famous land!
And do not thou the unearthly change reprove;
Since He, who left thee with reluctant love
To thine own ways, again puts forth His Hand.
O France! all license gained is but a loss
Of liberty; and thou wert then most free
When thou wert proud, with blameless pride, to be
Nought but the foremost vassal of the Cross.
Is it the Midland Sea, or do I hear
Celestial converse in the olives near?
'Our task is half complete: the Civil Power,
Outworn with ills which it hath overcome,
Falls back upon the Holy Church, and Rome
In trembling expectation waits the hour!'"

The middle ages with their more natural and bolder expression of feeling either for good or evil, with vices more reckless of consequence, but not so thoughtfully malignant, and virtues more impetuously generous, but not so formal and selfish as those of our own age, receive the homage from Mr. Faber which might be expected. It is thus he sings of the chivalry and the poor of those days:

CHIVALRY.

"They built a bridge, and bade the church supply
The scaffolding, while they the keystone brought
Of Honour most elaborately wrought,
And hailed the new device with jubilant cry.
Thenceforth could men in meek and quiet ways
Pass o'er the rudeness of those difficult days,
Bolder the arch had seemed, but that within
The Church had left her scaffold undisplaced;
And to *that* age the edifice was graced
By such memorial of its origin.
But times came on, to whose fastidious mind
That framework seemed uncouth; and to the ground
Went arch and scaffold: so was Honour found
Too weak to bear the tread of human-kind."

THE POOR IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

"It is the past ye worship; ye do well;—
If the sweet dues of reverence which ye pay
Be equally disposed, nor lean one way
For lack of balance in your thoughts. To spell
The past in its significance, to ponder,
In the embrace of judgment, fear and love
In the disguises of those days, should move
More than the weak idolatry of wonder
Or beauty-stricken eye; they should grow part
Of the outgoings of your daily heart;
And be not scared by show of kings and knights,
As if those times were in such gauds embraced;
Remember that the People claim a past,
And that the Poor of Christ have lineal rights."

It has been incontestably proved that reverence for the blessed Virgin Mary produced a most excellent effect on the minds and manners of our rude forefathers, teaching them to lay aside for Her sake much of that natural rudeness and violence which they brought with them from their northern forests, and particularly to protect poor and defenceless women. The poet has very prettily adverted to the influence impressed by her hallowed character on former times.

THE REVERENCE FOR ST. MARY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

"I looked upon the earth: it was a floor
For noisy pageant and rude bravery,—
Wassail, and arms, and chase, among the high,
And burning hearts uncheered among the poor,
And gentleness from every land withdrew.
Methought that beds of whitest lilies grew
All suddenly upon the earth, in bowers,
And gentleness, that wandered like a wind,
And nowhere could meet sanctuary find,
Passed like a dewy breath into the flowers.
Earth heeded not; she still was tributary
To kings and knights, and man's heart well-nigh failed;
Then were the natural charities exhaled
Afresh from out the reverence for St. Mary."

We will extract one other poem before closing this pleasing volume.

THE CHURCH DIAL.

Beneath me was the misty sea,
O'er which a beetling summit hung,
And, half way up, a blasted tree
With creaking branches swung:
The yellow crowsfoot blossomed there,
And juicy samphire to the bare
And lean rock clung.

And sweetly to the very edge
The soft and thymy greensward crept,
And, hanging slightly o'er the ledge,
Perpetually wept
With drippings from a hidden spring,
Heard only when the murmuring
Of ocean slept.

There, almost stooping o'er the wave,
A rustic chapel stood; below,
The sea had hollowed out a cave
With labour long and slow;
And it was plain, that any shock
That church from off its brow of rock
Might overthrow.

And many a simple heart would grieve
At this rude sacrilege of time,
Who loved for prayer, at morn or eve,
The chalky downs to climb,
While to their litanies the wave,
With its eternal thunder, gave
Response sublime.

So plaintively the soft sea wailed,
So blue and breezy were the skies,
So tranquilly the white ships sailed
In pomp before my eyes,
The very sweetness of it all
Did there my willing spirit call
To moralize.

The dial on the chapel side
With ivy tendrils was entwined,
As though the flight of time to hide
Were office true and kind;
While, on the breath of ocean borne,
The restless shoots in playful scorn
Waved unconfined.

This incident, the quiet hour,
The sanctity of that lone place,
Conspired to give the sight a power
Of true pathetic grace;
And, as I gazed on it, methought
That somewhat of a sign was wrought
For me to trace.

For I interpreted the gesture
To illustrate how holy faith
Was the pure soul's unfading vesture,
The Saint's immortal wreath;
And, with significance sublime,
It taught how faith abolished time
By killing death.

Mute preacher! pensive evergreen!
O may I learn, this day, from thee,
The obscure sage of this lone scene
Hard by the mighty sea,
How faith may through Another's merit
For all the sons of time inherit
Eternity!

BAD EFFECTS OF MOONLIGHT.

Our "silver" moon, which inspires lovers and poets in England, would fail in producing such effects in the Persian Gulf. Its glare there is so painful, and communicates feelings so disagreeable, that at night a person may be observed sheltering himself from its rays with the same care as he would in the day from those of the sun. The effect of lunar rays, in producing the speedy decomposition of fish and animal substances, has never, as far as I know, been attempted to be explained; the fact, all who have been in the East and West Indies can bear testimony to.—*Wellsted's City of the Caliphs.*

THE YEW TREE.

I NEVER cast my eyes on the mouldering fabrics which once adorned this land, without renewing my veneration for the memory of the holy and useful monks who have gone before us. There is still enough left of the falling walls to show how much these faithful friends of the poor and needy must have been esteemed through the whole extent of the nation; and when I sit me down under the dark foliage of some ancient yew tree, which has escaped the fury of destroying Vandals, and think of the miserable state to which the sons of poverty are now reduced, I cannot help heaving a sigh, whilst my very heart itself seems to sink within me.

I am extremely partial to the yew tree. It has already repaid me for the pains which I have taken in its cultivation; and when I resort to my usual evening stand, in order to watch the flocks of sparrows, finches, and starlings, whilst they are dropping in upon the neighbouring hollies, I feel not the wintry blast; as the yew trees, which are close at hand, are to me a shield against its fury; and in fact they offer me a protection little inferior to that of the house itself. I have not been sparing in the arrangments of ornamental yew trees. Just sixty yards from the bridge which joins the island to the main, there is a yew-tree crescent, three hundred feet in extent; and not far from this there are some fine clumps of the same plant, producing a very pleasing effect. Should he who will succeed to them when I am low in the dust, have the philosophy to set at nought the modern disapprobation of ornamental planting in lines and circles, he will always command the sweet warbling of unnumbered songsters, from earliest spring to latest summer: for the yew tree is a kind friend to the feathered race; and the wren and the hedge sparrow will sing sweetly amidst its foliage throughout the autumn, and even after the winter season has set in.

The cultivation of the yew tree is sure and simple. It will thrive in any soil that is clear of swamp; but the richer the soil, the richer is the appearance of its foliage; and if the planter will trench his grounds two or three feet deep, throwing back into the bottom the worst of what has been removed, and reserving the best for the upper stratum, he is sure to be handsomely requited by a rapid growth of the trees. Although the yew tree is a hardy plant, and fond of cold regions *(amantes frigora texa)*, still it will be much more vigorous in the sheltered valley than on the bleak hill, exposed to the wintry blast. Our western gales here in Yorkshire press far too keenly on its foliage, and render the side which is exposed to their fury as thin and wretched in appearance, as the face of a metropolitan alderman would be on Easter Sunday morning, after having struggled through forty long days of unmitigated fasting. Provided you do not care about having your yew tree in all the exuberance of uncurbed vegetation, you may apply the pruning knife and shears with a safe and unsparing hand; for the yew tree will submit to curtailment with good effect, and without any apparent diminution of vitality. If we clip its southern side in imitation of a wall, and allow that which faces the north to flourish in its natural state, we shall have from the same line of trees a walk impervious to the blast of Boreas for ourselves, and a provision of berries for the birds, at a time when their more ordinary supply of food is considerably on the decrease. Charming is the appearance of the yew tree after the sun has passed the autumnal equinox. The delicate crimson of its fruit, with the dark green leaves behind it, produces an effect so pleasing to the view, that it can scarcely be surpassed by any thing which the southern forests present to the lover of botany, as he wanders through their mazes.

The bole of this tree possesses the power of effectually reproducing a supply of main branches, after the original ones have been severed from it by the axe of the woodman. At Lupset Hall, the residence of our former honest member for Wakefield, Daniel Gaskell, Esq. there stands a lordly yew, by far the most gigantic of any in this neighbourhood. At some period of time, now long gone by, all its larger branches have been cut away from the stem. Others now supply their place; and, by the pleasant healthy aspect of the tree, we may conclude that at some future day this second series of main branches will have attained a growth and vigour equal to what the original ones would have presented to us, had they been allowed to remain on the tree.

Selborne's immortal naturalist cautions us not to let our cattle feed upon the foliage of the yew; and he gives us an instance of its deadly effects. Hence I have taken the precaution to fence my clumps of yew trees round with an impenetrable hedge of hollies. Sprigs newly taken from the growing yew tree are said not to be poisonous; but, in the course of three or four days, a change takes place in them, and then their noxious quality prevails. But the ripe berries of the yew tree are certainly not deleterious, as I myself can prove by frequent personal trials. Indeed, nothing is more common in this neighbourhood, when autumn has set in, than to see the village lads idling under yew trees, and partaking plentifully of the fruit, which they appositely call snottle-berries.

Here, in England, the yew sprig, far from being thought an emblem of grief, is chosen to be the harbinger of merriment and joy. Scarcely has the sun's full stop at the Tropic of Capricorn anuounced to us the dawn of the shortest day, ere the housemaid begins to set her rooms in order; and the gardener is desired to prepare his sprigs of holly, box, and yew, as ornaments for every window, on the eve of the annual commemoration of Christmas Day.—*Waterton's Essays on Natural History.*

POOR AND COUNTY RATES.

A parliamentary return has been issued, showing the total amount of money levied for poor-rates and county rates in England and Wales, and the amount expended thereout for the relief and maintenance of the poor, for the years ending Lady Day, 1813 to 1844, inclusive. The total amount of money levied for poor-rates and county rates in the years mentioned, was £238,153,571, and the sum expended for the relief and maintenance of the poor, £190,369,632. The largest sum levied was in the year 1818, when the amount reached £9,320,440; and the smallest in 1838, when it was only £5,186,389. The poor-rates and county rates in 1844 amounted to £6,848,717. The largest sum expended for the relief and maintenance of the poor was in the year 1818—£7,516,702; and the smallest in 1837, when it was £4,044,741. The following figures exhibit the money levied and the sum expended thereout, for the last four years—from 1840 to 1844 inclusive. In 1840, money raised, £6,014,605; expended, £4,579,965. In 1841, £6,351,828; expended, £4,760,929. In 1842, £6,552,890; expended, £4,911,498. In 1843, £7,085,595; expended, £5,208,027. And in 1844, £6,848,717; and the sum expended, £4,982,096.

THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

READER, we have recorded unto you a short account of the plague which visited the Catholic city of Milan in the year 1576. Let us now refer to the history of the plague which devastated the Protestant city of London, in the year 1665.

"Nothing was wanting, on that occasion, that human wisdom or virtue could supply, neither the courage of magistrates, nor the liberal donations of the absent; but there was not the charity of the blessed merciful to inspire the public arrangements to meet the calamity; there were no friars to console the dying; there were no bishops to revive the courage of the people, and to distribute among them the wealth of an affluent see; there were no sisters of charity to attend the sick, no brothers of mercy to give the dead burial; but in their place men heard of acts of 'charitable relief,' in pursuance of which, every house in which any person was attacked by the plague was immediately shut up and converted into a prison, where the sound and the sick were left to perish together; and if any person should have visited one of the sick, or entered into any infected house, the house which he inhabited was to be, in like manner shut up, which contemporary writers inform us, 'was counted a very cruel and unchristian method,' as many people perished in these miserable confinements, shrieking out dismally and in vain for assistance, who might otherwise have escaped. And indeed, the details which are given on this head exceed all that can be imagined of despotism on the part of government, and of cool barbarity on the part of those who were its agents, many of whom were slain by the exasperated people. Instead of hearing of the tender and heroic solicitude of nuns, innumerable frightful stories, we are assured, went about of the cruel behaviour of nurses and watchmen, and of their hastening on the fate of those they tended or guarded in their sickness, by starving or smothering them. Instead of the friar's sermon, pathetic yet inspiring, so as to make men forget their danger and embrace the cross with confidence, and believe that the sufferings of that moment were not worthy to be compared with the joy which was reserved for them, dismal discourses were heard, filling the people with despair, and not guiding them to cry for mercy, ministers and preachers of all professions erecting altar against altar, whilst on the one hand fanatics ran naked through the streets, crying out in a manner horrible, so as to terrify the people to the last degree, and on the other, blasphemy was echoing from houses of assembly, and diabolic language addressed to passengers in the street, men talking atheistically, and making a jest at the word judgment of God, and insulting the mourners, who lamented the fate of friends. Instead of the constancy and affection of Catholic families, we hear of all servants being turned off in these days of calamity, and left friendless and helpless, without employment and without habitation, so as to augment the number of the poor to an extent most fearful and horrible, De Foe expressly saying, that this was a time when no one had room to pity the distresses of others, that all compassion was gone, self-preservation appearing to be the first law, children flying from their parents, and parents doing the like to their children. Instead of the asylums opened for the indigent by monks and prelates, we read of only two pest-houses, to which no one was admitted unless money was given, or security for money. Finally, instead of the solemn processions in thanksgiving to God, on the cessation of the pestilence, and churches built, as at Venice, to be served by the friars who survived, we behold the triumphant entry of the ministers who had fled during the danger, and who now returned, ejected the unlicensed preachers who had taken possession of their pulpits in their absence, and harassed them with their penal laws; while, for holy melody and devout emblazonment, we are told to listen to the scornful taunts of the people against their clergy, and to mark the verses and scandalous reflections upon them, which are placed upon the church doors, setting forth, 'Here is a pulpit to be let or sold.' "*

Mores Catholici.

* De Foe's Hist. of the Plague.

THE Congregation of *Rites* watches over the tradition of the Church; regulates its feasts, and determines its ceremonies throughout the wide extent of Christendom. It is in this congregation that the Pope declares, that one, whose life has been distinguished by the practice of heroic virtues, and whose sanctity has been attested by some miracles, is worthy to be canonized—that is, solemnly enrolled among the saints whom we may honour. Protestants amuse themselves by turning the canonization of saints into ridicule; but few, if any of them, have ever heard of the long and rigorous examinations which always precede so solemn and important an action. This tribunal has its judges, its officers, and notary; it employs interpreters when there is question of acts written in foreign languages. When circumstances require it, it profits by the counsels of physicians, natural philosophers, and mathematicians. The maxim on which it proceeds, is, that the facts must be proved with the same certainty, as if there were question of condemning a person accused of crimes. Suspicions or inconclusive evidence, such as would not justify the judge in pronouncing sentence of death, against a person accused of a capital crime, is rejected by the tribunal. The author of the life of St. John Francis Regis, relates on this subject the following anecdote, which he heard from a person of undoubted authority:—"An English gentleman in Rome was expressing his preconceived notions on the subject to a Roman prelate, when the latter gave him a process, containing the proofs of several miracles, to read. The protestant read them with attention, and returning them, said, 'This is an unexceptionable manner of proving miracles. If all those which the Roman Church receives were sustained by proofs equally satisfactory, we could not reasonably object to them, and would cease to make your miracles the subject of our railleries.'—'Well,' said the prelate, 'you must know that of all the miracles which appear to you so well proved, not one has been admitted by the congregation of Rites, because not sustained by sufficient proof.' The protestant, astonished at this reply, acknowledged that nothing but a blind prejudice could question the certainty of facts, ascertained by such a scrutiny, and confessed that he never imagined that the Church of Rome went so far in the examination of miraculous events.—*Baron Geramb.*

If you wish to find a short and compendious method, which contains in itself all other means, and is most efficacious for overcoming every temptation and difficulty, and for acquiring perfection— it is the exercise of the presence of God.—*St. Basil.*

UTILITY OF THE MOLE.

The mole is another of those useful animals which the ignorance and prejudice of man has doomed to destruction, and against which he wages continual warfare. Such is the impression of the injury done by them, that in some parts of Somersetshire the farmers are in the habit of carrying a gun, when they walk in their fields, in case they should see the earth in the act of being turned up by the moles: when this is the case, the farmer fires at the spot, and thus many moles are killed in the course of the year. So far from the mole being an injurious, it is a most useful animal to the farmer. The little hillocks it casts up are generally composed of a rich and fine mould, extremely beneficial to the land when spread; and this should be done daily or as often as the mole-casts are observed. A little boy may thus be profitably employed at a trifling expense. Young wheats, for instance, this sort of top-dressing invigorates; and besides, the runs of the mole beneath the surface are either so many channels to convey water to the roots, or they serve as drains to prevent too great an accumulation of it in one spot. There can be no doubt, that, if the mole-casts are suffered to remain too long unspread, the young grain or grasses must suffer from suffocation; but this is the fault of the farmer. There are also other benefits to be derived from the mole. It devours not only immense quantities of the larvæ of the cockchaffer and of various flies and beetles, but also destoys the wire-worm, and that so effectually, that few are to be found in localities frequented by this useful animal. When we consider the length of time the grub of the cockchaffer remains in the earth, before it assumes the shape of a perfect insect, and the destruction committed by it on the roots of plants, and when we hear, as we too often do, of the ravages of the wire-worm, we may wonder that the very instrument appointed by Almighty God to prevent those ravages, should itself be destroyed by man. I am, however, glad to find that in some places farmers are now beginning to admit the utility of the mole, in consequence of their having experienced the good effects of its operations.—*Jesse's Country Life.*

IMMENSE COLONY OF ANTS.

We met in the forest such a numerous body of Cushi ants (Atra cephalotes), that their number would be disbelieved if I were even to estimate it far under the truth. They were marching in an uninterrupted column about a foot wide, and three to four hundred yards in extent towards their hill or nest, carrying bits of leaves which they brought from a tree eighty to ninety feet high. Some were occupied in bringiug the leaves from the tree to its foot, where they were deposited, while others took them up and carried them to their nests. And although the ground was covered with their numbers, passing and repassing, and carrying loads perhaps five times their own size, no disorder was observable in their columns. They seize the leaf with their mandibles at one of the ends, and, carrying it upright, it appears like an umbrella kept over the body to shade the ant against the sun and weather. Some af the colonists call them, therefore, the umbrella ants. They are mistaken, however, as to the aim which the insect has in carrying the leaf in that manner; it finds it an easier way to carry such a burden, and takes up less room while marchiug towards the common nest. Here they amass masses of leaves which would astonish any one unacquainted with their habits. These ants are great enemies to the agriculturists; and if their nests are in the vicinity of provision-grounds all cultivation ceases. Many a village, many a provision-ground, has been abandoned on their account, as it proved impossible to raise a vegetable near them: cassada yams, and batatas are alike subjected to their destructive propensities. Their hills are frequently several hundred feet in circumference, and from ten to twelve feet high, and so undermined that it is dangerous to walk over them.—*Journal of the Royal Geographical Society.*

A VISIT TO ROME.

As at Canterbury and Lyons, so at Rome, Wilfrid distinguished himself by his genius for making friends. The archdeacon Boniface, who was secretary to St. Martin the Pope, attached himself particularly to the young Englishman, and took as much delight in teaching him as if he had been his own son. Truly Rome was always a kind-hearted city; the very hearth and home of Catholic hospitality; even in these days, if considerate kindness could do so *at Rome*, the very aliens are made to forget that they are aliens, and dream for that little while that they are sons. Is this craftiness? Yes; goodness was ever crafty, ever had a wily way of alluring what came near it. How happy Wilfrid must have been at Rome! We are told that he spent entire months in going from one holy place to another, not to see only, but to pray and perfect himself in the exercises of a spiritual life. His lot in Rome was the same which befalls most travellers who go there for religious ends, and spend their time in a religious way. Will it be thought superstitious to say, that to such persons it almost invariably happens, that there is something or other of a mysterious kind in the occurrences which befall them there, something new, strange, unaccountable, provided only they are searching after heavenly things? As if that city were instinct with a sort of preternatural energy, and that virtue went from it, either to heal or hurt, according to the faith of him who touched, we read that Rome made Petrarch almost an infidel; and Luther, to say the best, had his infidelity corroborated by his visit to the Catholic capital, because of the sins, the pride, luxury, and corruption there.

Mysterious Rome! thy very ills are fraught
With somewhat of thy fearful destiny,
So that the vision of thy sins hath wrought
Even like a curse within the passer-by.
Here gazed of old with no religious eye
Petrarch the worlding, here the Apostate Monk
Came ere his fall; and when they saw how nigh
Good lay to evil, their base spirits shrunk
As from a touchstone which could bring to light
Unworthy natures that must walk by sight
Through lack of trust:—and thus are sceptics made
By that half-faith which seeks for good unbound
From ill; and hearts are daily wanting found,
Upon the balance of that problem weighed.

This is the dark side of the picture. But, to say nothing of other shrines where relics repose, and spots where holy influences abide, who shall reach even by conjecture to the number and extent of visions seen, prayers answered, vows suggested, lives changed, great ends dreamed, endeavoured after, accomplished, inspirations, or something very like them, given to the listening heart—who shall imagine the number and extent of these things vouchsafed at one place only, the low banuisters with their coronal of starry lights round the Confession of St. Peter and St. Paul, where rich and poor kneel and say Augustine's prayer, or breathe their own secret wants and wishes? It cannot be too strong a thing to say that no one ever went to Rome without leaving it a better or a worse man than he was, with a higher or a harder heart. However this may be, it is certain that something strange occurred to Wilfrid at Rome, something just of the same sort that we hear of so frequently in these days, or which some of us may have actually experienced. —*Life of St. Wilfrid, by a Member of the Anglican Church.*

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